Bona. Tell him in hope hee'l be a widdower ſhortly,
Ile weare the willow garland for his ſake,
Queene. Tell him my mourning weeds be laide aſide,
And I am ready to put armour on.
War. Tell him from me, that he hath done me wrong,
And therefore Ile vncrowne him er't be long.
There's thy reward, be gone. *Exit Meſ.*
Lewis. But now tell me *Warwicke*, what aſſurance
I ſhall haue of thy true loyalty?
War. This ſhall aſſure my conſtant loyalty,
If that our Queene and this young Prince agree,
Ile ioyne mine eldeſt daughter and my ioy
To him forthwith in holy wedlocke bands.
Queene. With all my hart, that match I like full well,
Loue her ſonne *Edward*, ſhe is faire and young,
And giue thy hand to *Warwicke* for thy loue.
Lewis. It is enough, and now we will prepare,
To leuie ſoldiors for to goe with you.
And you Lord *Bourbon*, our high Admirall,
Shall waft them ſafely to the Engliſh coaſt,
And chaſe proud *Edward* from his ſlumbring trance,
For mocking marriage with the name of *France*.
War. I came from *Edward* as Embaſſador,
But I returne his ſworne and mortall foe:
Matter of marriage was the charge he gaue me,
But dreadfull warre ſhall anſwere his demand.
Had he none elſe to make a ſtale but me?
Then none but I ſhall turne his ieſt to ſorrow.
I was the cheefe that raiſde him to the Crowne,
And Ile be cheefe to bring him downe againe,
Not that I pitty *Henries* miſery,
But ſeeke reuenge on *Edwards* mockery. *Exit.*

Enter King Edward, the Queene, Clarence, Gloſter, Montague, Haſtings, and Penbrooke, with ſoldiors.

Edw. Brothers of Clarence, and of Gloſter,

What